CANOVAS'S CONSERVATISM.

THE CURSE THAT HAS BLOCKED THE WAT FOR SPAIN'S PROGRESS.

Severe Strictures on the Bend Statesman's

methods — A Skeptical Opportunist — Pope Leo's Reception of the French Workingmen. Rome, Aug. 12.-Senor Canovas's death has caused a certain amount of emotion at the Vatican. It is not merely a man that disappears, but a system that goes out. The Holy See kept up correct relations with him. After the incident of the Caroline Islands Lee XIII. conferred on him the highest distinction at the disposal of the Papacy, the Order of Christ, although Senor Canovas objected to the last moment to the Pope's arbitration and showed less deference than Prince Bismarck, who wished to get rid of the unfortunate episode quickly and at any price. But Rome never took to the statesman. Born at the mement when Germany shone in all the splendor of its intellectual revival, his mind was impregnated with German science. With delicate intelligence and broad, brilliant imagination, philosopher, historian, writer, he was German than Spanish. His literary and philosophical origin drew him away from the national traditions of which Catholicism is the framework and marrow. Though putting aside the inheritance of his nation, however, he remained a conservative. This explains the his actions. He was a brilliant tactician and a consummate leader. Yet he was preëminently sterile as a statesman, because his system of political philosophy was founded on an inconsistency and a contradiction. Inconsistency and contradiction have marked his ministry of impotence. An unbeliever, drawing his inspiraon and strength no longer from the living rings of national life, he wished, nevertheless, to lean upon conservative and religious ideas. He has therefore been the type of the opportunist, of the politician ! Thence the barrenness of his government. He did not go as far as to conceive and practice a distinctly lay and lib-eral policy; neither did he support the traditional religious ideas. A skilful manager, he ttled down, motion ess and screne, between soyment. That is why, being hostile in politica to the ideas of progress, skeptical in morals as to the recuperative forces in Catholicism, he resembled Cardinal Alberoni, whose skepticism plunged Spain into impotence and the lethargy out of which the revolutions awakened her. This elegant opportunism has been the bar to

the revival of Spain, for Spain is blooming once more in the upper branches. Theology, philosophy, art, the stage, the novel, history bave taken unexpected flights upward. The sources of life were opening again, the roots were growing green, the sap was rising in the trunk of the olb Iberian tree, making the ancient foliage verdant once more. Like the daughter of Jairus, Spain was not dead; she slept. Yet if beneficent genil struck new sounds on that proud and hieratic soul, no political man put it back in its proper place. And it is Senor Canowas who checked from his powerful and lofty station the harmony of national life; it is he who preserved the partitions set up between the rooms of the paternal home. Thanks to him the revival stopped, timid and resultiess, in the presence of the government; it has not penetrated political life; a whole portion of the Iberian nscience remained wrapped up in the swaddling clothes of a harmful opportunism. This is the reason that Spain has wallowed in

decadence. There is no essential difference between Canovas and Sagasta. The two heads of the conservative and liberal parties took turns at power with exasperating monotony The State was a beast of burden, mounted and and the army of their greedy creatures. Parliamentary government was a government o the lobby or of absurd Generals. The Chamber of Deputies voted as the Ministers wished, indifferent to the great currents of the age, and to the revival turning the treetops green. The people kept its thoughts to itself, making use of a contemptuous and Olympean disdain. It had no confidence in the machinery of government, and when a nation loses interest in th interests of the country, decadence becomes the mistrem in the place where the country's heart should beat Spanish elections are notorious for absurdity, for fraud, for insincerity. Toay Canovas, to-morrow Sagasta, the ballot box nevitably sent out but one sound.

It is thus that Canovas has been the bar to the ategral rejuvenation of his country. He has n a conservative in the most vulgar and pitiable sense of the word; he preserved a theory and practice of government that are a negation of the popular conscience and of the art of leading men. He had the gifts and defects of the irbonic, epicurean eighteenth century; the g wit, the refined culture, the lofty distinc tion, but also the stupid, blind conservatism, the disdsin for moral forces, the contempt for the

people, and the weak philosophy. The man has gone; will his system disappear with him! Will the Spanish nation take posbession of itself again ! Will she at last break away from that impotent game of seesaw tha was called Canovas-Sagasta, Sagasta-Canovas I As this resisting nature has been removed, will It be possible to establish an immense ventilator pver the present parties, in order to let some vivifying air penetrate into public life?

Leo XIII. and Cardinal Rampolla long ago made preparations for the revival. They have made the Bishops and the clergy abandon their uncompromising Carlist attitude. They have been told to let the dead bury their dead Relying on the imperishable vitality of Iberia. they assume that as she is Catholic and religious to the very soul there is need of a distinctly Catholic and religious policy. For is not a poltey the garb in which a social body clads itself ! If the garment and the national organism do not fit each other is there not suffering, torpor, abasement! Have we not here the mysterious ultimo ratio of the condition of the Latin races in general, of Italy, Portugal, and Spain in par-dicular! To favor an anti-religious Government with a religious people is to ask an orange tree to produce apples and an apple tree to produce granges. But for the main part of the country to get into possession of nover again it must apple to get into possession of power again it must accept the conditions of the Government. It must lay farewell to the absolutist Bourbons and enter resolutely into modern life. Under the lead of the Vatican there is then

ter resolutely into modern life.
Under the lead of the Vatican there is then being formed in Spain, in accordance with the beocalalitic ideas of the Papacy, a great demogratic party, distinctly constitutional and deeply religious. At its head we see the Cardinat of Valencia, the Bishop of Vich, the learned Cenedia monks, and a legion of devoted laymen. Their programme is that of Cardinal Gibbons, of Mgr. Ireland, of Leo XIII., of Mgr. Ketteler, It is the doctrine of that great international democratic Christian party, which in all countries is endeavoring to combine the modern currents and the eternal principles of the Gospel into a higher unity. The French workingmen's pilgrimage which Leo XIII. has just received as the ambassador of the "Fourth Estate." the speech of Mgr. Radini-Tedeschi, of M. Léon Harmel, of Cardinals Agliardi, Forrata, eacobini, have shown that every four of the Vatican and every corner of the Rome of the Popes is saturated with the air of socialism, of progress, of democracy. In view of the reactionary demands of the King of the Belgians, of the German Raiser, and of the old conservative parties.

of progress, of democracy. In view of the reactionary demands of the King of the Belgians, of the German Raiser, and of the old conservative parties, in the front ranks of which are seen French, English, German, Italian, and Polish bishops, the Pontifical audience and its stage setting stand out in startling relief. It leaves no doubt about the decisive settlement of the social and democratic direction taken by the first moral power in the world, the kiss of peace exchanged on the heights by the Gospel and triumphant democracy; it is the Papacy, the Church cast into the vast stroam of modern life, into which these two religious powers bear the spirit that descends from on high.

The dramatic disappearance of Canovas will bring about a displacement of parties. It means the opening of the door to evolutions in which the Vatican and the young Democratic party have to play an incalculable part. Will this opportunity be taken to put the national Government on a level with the general revival? Or will liberty be left to political acrobats to keep their native land motionless and impotent? From the answer given to these questions will depend the future of the country. Were I writing a complete study I should demonstrate, from the senile opportunity. Were I writing a complete study I should emonstrate, from the senile coportunian of Canovas, the mean showing made by Spain around the green cloth. Skeptical, unable to make the vital roots of the country flourish again. Canovas imposed on his country, prescribed to its effacement, incrita, isolation. He did not believe it capable of playing a part, kverything holds together in the life of a nation. When a people is led by a shepherd who does not believe in the energy of the national acul, it is condemned to tread on one spot if it does not fall by the wayside. Canovas has been a brilliant worker of decadence. That will be the life of history on him. in spite

PATRIOT DISCIPLINE IN CUBA. in Inside View of the Army of Liberatio

Under Most Trying Condition WASHINGTON, Aug. 28.-The appended letter written by Gen. Diaz to Señor Estrada Palma was found in camp somewhere in Cuba, sent to Havana, and sent to this city by s Government The original manuscript reached official. Señor Palma and has never been published. It is noteworthy evidence of the efficiency of the patriot organization in Cuba. The letter fol

"DEAR Sin: In a former letter addressed to you, on my taking command of this corps of the army, I informed you of my baving crossed the trocha from Mariel to Mayan on the 9th ultimo and of the satisfactory situation in which I found the forces intrusted to me.

"The capture of Gen. Ruis Rivera naturally caused consternation. So unexpected a blow strongly affected our tried veterans who have been sustaining a severe campaign in this province and who had met the recent and irreparable loss of Gen. Maceo. A sort of stupor fell upon our forces serving in this province. the most interesting field of the revolution, the one most bathed in blood, most consecrated by our faith, and most costly to the Government o the oppressor. At that moment of severe trial the division of Pinar del Rio presented an edifying example of patriotism. Organized as they were by me under the immediate instructions of the Lieutenant-General during the past severe campaign of 1896 it was a great satis faction to me to see the military discipline and subordination which they maintained at the critical moment of the capture of their leader.

subordination which they maintained at the critical moment of the capture of their leader. Each brigade remained in its district of operations under the plan outlined by Gen. Macco and maintained by Gen. Ruis Rivera.

"The entire force was incited to make an impression upon the enemy, and the first stupor quickly disappeared. Two causes contributed to this: the admirable behavior of the Brigadiers Vidal Ducasse, Juan Ducasse, and Juan Lorente, in command of the three existing brigades, and the spirit of discipline in our tried soldiers, who, while mourning for their beloved leader, felt reflected in themselves the glory of the hero of San Peiro, inspiring them to become his most determined avengers. Their loyalty and courage, proved in a hundred battles, revived, and when I crossed the borders of Pinar del Rio I found myself surrounded, as I am to day, by determined warriors who will give new glory to the country and accelerate the triumph of the revolution.

"The formation of the Sixth Corps of the Army of Liberation, comprising the forces then existent in the province of Pinar del Rio and having for their base of operations the territory of the province, was a task confided to the captured General, but this he was prevented by his misfortune from discharging. Under the ample authority of the General-inchief and commander of this division, I occupied myself, immediately on my arrival, with the organization of the corps. I have created provisionally and subject to superior approbation, three divisions, First, Second, and Third. composed of two brigades each. The commanding officers are provisionally appointed. "First division, Brigadier Juan Ducasse; First Brigade, Col. Pedro Deligado.

"Second Division, Brigadier Juan Lorente; First Hrigade, Col. Bernarde Comacho; Second Brigade, Col. Francesco Peraza.

"Third Division, Brigadier Juan Lorente; First Hrigade, Col. Bernarde Comacho; Second Brigade, Col. Francesco Peraza.

"The other communication of the campairn are press conceal the daily occurrence of battles,

which inflame our minds. Our answer is a volley of bullets, for our armed hand shall know no rest in this contest.

"The other conditions of the campaign are favorable to us. The subsistence supplies of the army are ample and suitable, offering a favorable contrast to the condition of our anxious enemy. In order to sustain their large garrisons they have to serd convoys, under large escorts of troops exhausted by the heat and herassed by our attacks. Many of the forts have been destroyed by the Spanish themselves, the garrisons being withdrawn. In the towns of the province the situation is insupportable for the troops and refugees concentrated there, since, in addition to the suffering from scarcity of provisions, they are ravaged by the epidemic yellow fever, malarial fever, and smallpox. The farce of pacification by the General-in-Chief of the army of the enemy approaches a conclusion. They will soon meet with disasters at different points, and we shall see whether this deception is to continue or the actors in it withdraw, lamenting, from the scene to give place to the great plans accomplished by us. Our fighting outfit is sufficient, but do not on this account fail to send another expedition, as I have written to the commanders of the Habana and Matanzas division offering them supplies. Another expedition would be desirable, sent at the time and to the place considered opportune by you.

"With the highest consideration and respect,

"With the highest consideration and respect,
"With the highest consideration and respect,
"Person Dlaz,
Major-General of the Army Corps,
"General Headquarters of Aranjuez, June
14, 1897."

GENIUS AT THE CHOP-BOX. The Copper and the Can and the Hump-back

Boy Form a Plot for a Tale. The ticket chopper of a downtown station on the Sixth avenue line may flash out as a novhesitating between seeing Mesars, Daly or Frohman or throwing himself into the imbecile dunes of one of the vellow concerns which grinds out Ten Young Stories by Ten Young

Women in Ten Minutes, While a belated patron was waiting for a train the chopper, who had left his choppery for a few moments to look below, said to the patron, whom he had come to know by reason of his regularity:
"Did you see a copper stop at the south stair-

way and reach up to the roof of the entrance, and take down a tin can and something tied up in a paper?"

The patron had not seen a copper reach up or down as described.
"Maybe he's changed off to-night," contin-

ued the chopper. "Or maybe he is late. But whenever he's on he comes around that corner whenever he's on he comes around that corner at just such a time, and he swings his night-stick and chuckles low, and then there is another chuckle still lower, most always. Then the copper he walks to that stairway on the south side of the street, and peers out and up and down, and then he reaches up, and he takes down the can and turns it up to his face, and then he takes something out of the paper and eats whatever it is, and then he takes another swig out of the can, and then another bite, and then a swig, and then a bite, until there an't nothing more to swig nor to bite, and he puts up the can and whistles low again, and then he walks off, swinging his night stick. Then when he turns the corner a boy comes out of somewhere, and walks around and looks up and down, and when he don't see nobody looking he takes the can and scoots down in the direction of the ferry. That thing's been going on down below, just as I've told it, ever since about last spring."

The patron said it was an interesting study, "There's a damned big sensation in that thing, true as you live. I am thinking of working it."

Why do you think there is a sensation in

"There's a damned hig sensation in that thing, true as you live. I am thinking of working it."

Why do you think there is a sensation in it!" asked the patron.

"Think! Why it has all of the parts of one of them Sunday novels. There's the copper coming round, whistling low. Then grabbing the can and the meat in the puckage. And then the low whistle again and the walk away, and the boy coming up from a dark place, looking around, taking the can, and making for the ferry. And he's a hump-backed boy, at that.

"Now, that boy is hired by thieves to feed the copper while they are at work; or, which is still better for a story such as they're running, that boy has a sister who is a shoplifter. And when she got pinched this copper he gets her off case, and she is at liberty, and she cooks him cake and buys a can of beer and sends them to the copper by her hump-backed brother. Say, that'd work up another thousand in circulation right in this district.

"There's so many situations in it. That's the beauty of the thing. It's good for more stories than one. I hate to do anything that would cause the copper any trouble, but I reckon a man oughtn't to hide his light under no bushel for the sake of anybody else. I'm going to spring it before some of them lobster reporters gets onto it."

Aged 30 Years in a Night In a Hole.

From the St. Louis Globe Democrat.

HAZLETON, Pa., Aug. 21.—While going to her home in Cranberry, one mile east of this city, at 9 o'clock last night, Mrs. Ernest Ylrich, aged 30 years, fell into a mine hole. When rescued this morning the woman had aged apparently twenty years. A like experience for eitherman or woman was never recorded in mining history, and that she is not a raving maniac is due to her fortitude and extraordinary belief in prayer. She was asved from instant death by falling into a lake of muck, which had formed at the bottom of the hole. This substance closed about her, gradually swallowing her, until it reached to her shoulders. It was 9 o'clock when the accident happened, and the first human being she saw was at 6 o'clock this morning, when a miner going to work heard her moan. It required two hours to reach her. She retained consciousness throughout the ordeal, but fainted as soon as raised to the surface. The woman practically occupied a living tomb during the time she was a prisoner. The hole into which she fell is thirty feet deep and a mile in length, and a stone's throw from the village. From the St. Louis Globe Democrat.

AN EXTRAORDINARY DUEL.

EACH MAN SHOT HIS OPPONENT'S CLOTHES TO RIBBONS.

e Meenlight Encounter of United States Marchal Cumo and the Outlaw Cunius, and the One Stat Cartridge That Brought About the Capture of the Territory's Worst Man. WASHINGTON, Aug. 28.-Tom Wilkinson, who s now the manager of a pleasure resort a few miles from Washington, was for a while Sheriff of Creede when Creede was lively.

"I wore a plug hat all the time I held the job," he said the other night; "and, what's more, nobody ever tried to shoot holes through it or to make a spit-kit of it. I never had any trouble with bad men. I found it very easy to manage by persuasion all the bad men I ever an against. If I had tried bully-ragging tactics with some of them, it's worse than a hundred to one shot that I wouldn't be in the enjoyment of my breath to-night. A man who knows enough to put the reversing goar on his mouth when the temptation is greatest for him to let it go ahead four bells, needn't get into trouble with white men anywhere on earth: and the value of a close mouth and a civil tongue or none at all had been pounded into me by experience long before I struck Creede and got the job of Sheriff without making any par ticular play for it. After all, Creede was not so bad. A great majority of the men in the camp were a pretty square set. Of course, most of them knew how to shoot; but an out-and-out desperado or outlaw was not tolerated in Creede. I persuaded a lot of them out of the camp my self-with the assistance and moral support, of course, of some of my unofficial friends, who were a good deal better on the shoot than I.

'And talking about shooting, I nover saw anything in that line in Creede or anywhere else-and in my time I've done a heap of dodging under tables and behind doors when the ping of the bullets became too frequent for comfort-to compare with a shooting game that a couple of associates of mine got mixed up in down in the Indian Territory back in '85. I was a United States deputy Marshal at Fort Smith, Ark., at that time, and, although I wasn't a witness of this phenomenal bit of gun work I am going to tell you about, I saw two of the three combatants who survived the fight when they got into Fort Smith, and the looks of the pair of them told the story in a mighty convincing way. "There was an utterly wicked devil named

Cunius rampaging around down in the Territory who was very badly wanted by the Federal Government. He had some Choctaw in him and a good deal of Irish, and this is a bad combination when you get to figuring on it. Cunius stood in with all the tribes in the Territory and sold them whiskey. For two years before he was finally corralled he had kept a large proportion of the red population of the Territory pretty drunk, and he made a lot of money at the usiness. All attempts to round him up had fizzled out, for the Indians took care of him and hid him safely when they found out that the Texas or Arkansas marshals were on his trail. After the general Government put a heavy price on Cunius's head a Texas marshal from the Panhandle district named Balfour went after the desperado single-handed. The marshal was never seen again, alive or dead. Before Cunius was hanged at Fort Smith he confessed that he and a couple of Cherokees had " After the disappearance of this Texas Mar-

shal, we came to the conclusion at Fort Smith that Cunius must be rounded up if it took the whole caboodle of us to do it. Moreover, the Government reward was worth reaching out for. There were six of us with United States Marshal's warrants at Fort Smith at that time, and we decided to draw straws as to which pair of us should go after Cunius. I don't mind going on record with the statement that I was confirst rattle out of the box, and was therefore et out of the hunt-for I hadn't lost any Cunius that I wanted to look for, and the reward didn't who drew the long straws happened to be just the pair who were the most eager to go after the outlaw. George Field, the most intrepid man I ever met anywhere, was the first. Five years' service in the Texas Rangers had given him plenty of experience in trailing, and he was the first and only man I ever knew who was absolutely fearless without being foolishly reckless. When he was with the Rangers he had slipped single-handed into a camp of rustlers on the banks of the Brazos and marched the whole pack of them seven miles to the headquarters of his outfit; and since he had got his Marshal's warrant he had done some close-quarter work with desperadoes that earned him a heap of respect.

"The other long-straw man was, I believe, the very blackest man that ever threw an inky shadow in the sunshine. I think that a charcoal mark would have looked wan on his face. His name was Beasley Cumso, and his African blood was as pure as that of the naked savages who live on the banks of the Aruwimi River. And every drop of it was fighting blood, too. There was nothing savage about Cumso. He was the quietest, most self-contained, and most thoroughly on the level black man I ever met when we had nothing to do but to sit around and smoke our pipes, waiting for orders. But when

when we had nothing to do but to sit around and smoke our pipes, waiting for orders. But when the orders came and we got into big business, Cumso was all scrap and no quarter. He had served a couple of enlistments in the Ninth United States Cavalry when that outfit was doing Indian fighting, and he hadn't let his time in the army go to waste. In tracking work he was probably fifty points ahead of any of us except Field.

"Field and Cumso started out after Cunius together. They went in a light prairie schooner, well stocked with provisions, for they expected to be gone for some time. But their hunt was a good deal shorter than they had expected. They made directly for the Tahlequah country, for it was known that when Cunius was not off on his whiskey-selling tours he made his headquarters with the remnant of the Tahlequah tribe.

"Field, when he was brought back, dying, to Fort Smith, told us what happened. He and Cumso had made a permanent camp of their wagon about eighteen miles from the Tahlequah wickie-ups, in a little clearing surrounded by a thick growth of underbrush, and had gone for several nights on single-handed scouting expeditions close to the camp of the Indians. The Tahlequah wickie-ups were all in a cleared valley between a couple of low hills, and each of the Marshals took one of these hills for observation purposes every night for a week. Although, under the light of the moon, they could both easily make out from their hills everything that was going on in the valley, neither of them caught a glimpse of Cunius, and they rightly concluded at the end of a discouraging week that the half-breed was off on one of his whiskey-purveying trips. They then figured it that they were in for a considerable wait. They didn't like their position very much, either, for they stood a good chance of being discovered by parties of Indians on hunting trips, and the Tahlequahs were a dirty lot when, in force themselves, they ran across detached white men. This consideration did not scare them, however, nor did they

tion did not scare them, however, nor did they neglect to continue their night scouting trips, on the chance that Cunius might spear on the reservation at any time.

"Had they known it, they need not have kept watch on the Indians' camp at all; for when, after they had been watching the valley every night for two weeks, Cunius did finally turn up, he came from the northward on the very trail the Marshals themselves had taken in approaching the reservation. Neither of the officers had figured on any such luck as this; they had been thinking over all kinds of schemes for getting Cunius away from the camp when he made his appearance there—for they were not foolish enough to dream that they would stand any show if they should attempt to take their man anywhere within five miles of the wickie-ups. Cunius's friends, the Indians, would eat them up, they knew, if they tried any such game.

"Field and Cumso returned to their wagon together one night, two weeks after they had made permanent camp, from their separate reconnoissances from the hills overlooking the valley. They were rather discouraged and grumpy over the situation, and started to turn in for the night without saying much. They had been standing watch and watch over the wagon during the night, but on this night, both being rather worn out, they concluded they would take a chance and turn in together. They were both crawling into the wagon together when, in the silence of the night they heard a creaking and grinding as of wheels to the north of them. Their wagon, although perfectly hidden, was not more than a hundred feet from the trail. There was a brilliant moon right overhead. The two Marshals cocked up their ears, and the grinding and rumbing continued. Neither of them saying anything, but both grabbing and strapping on their belts, they salipped quietly out of the wagon and crawled through the brush to the edge of the trail.

"They saw, about a hundred yards away, a heavy prairie schooner, hauled by a pair of big mules, coming slowly down the trail in th

ing, but not his face. But they both felt that he was Cunius, for settlers were not prowling unguarded about the Tahlequah country at that time. The wagon came down to within fifty feet of where the two Marshais lay crouched in the brush. Neither of them had ever seen Cunius, but when they got a good look at the face of the driver they knew that he was their man. They recognized him by a rough, livid scar of a wound made by a bowie knife that stretched from his right forehead to his chin down his smooth shaven cheek. The Marshals had often been told of this scar.

"Now!' whispered Field to Cumso, and both men rose noiselessly to their feet, with a gun in each hand.

"Cunius,' called out Field in a strong voice.

each hand.
"'Cunius,' called out Field in a strong voice,
'I'ye got a dead line on your pipe; make a move Field told us that he couldn't see that the

"Cunius, called out Field in a strong volce, "I've got a dead line on your pipe; make a move and—"Field told us that he couldn't see that the outlaw was reaching for a gun at all before he heard the report and felt the bail going through his right breast. He went down, but didn't lose consciousness, so that he saw the rest of it.

"When he fired his shot, Cunius dropped backward from the seat into his wagon like a man going off a precipite, and Cuniso made a lightning drop into the brush. Then there was a lull for a moment. The quiet palled on Cunso first. He rose slowly to his feet, and, clasping his guns, walked straight to the middle of the trail and stood with squared shoulders in the moonlight fifty feet from the desperado's wagon.

"Cunius' he called out—and Field told us the black man's voice was like a trumpet—I'm a nigger, and you've got lajun in you. But I'll match my nigger agin' your lajun until hell freezes over solid. If I ain't a hotter nigger than you are an lajun, I'll est your mules. I'm agoing to have you. Come out into the open and fight like a man and like the Irish that's in you, you damned skulking squaw man, for I'm after you, you hear me!"

"Cunius answered the challenge with a shot, and it was a shot from the open. He wasn't a coward by a whole house full, and the black man's taunts had precisely the offect Cunso wanted them to have—set Cunius's Irish to boiling. Cunso hain't finished speaking before the desperado junged from behind his wagon, clutching his two guns, and made his lirst top at the black Marshal.

"Now you're taking! shouted Cunso, The night was as clear as day, and the men were only fifty feet apart. They fired at each other with both hands without advancing, and both mon were expert marksmen. Field told us that as he lay beside the trail watching the fight it set him crazy wondering why one or both of the men didn't go down. The balis in the four six shooters were exhausted at the same instant. When his guns were both unloaded Cunius disappeared behind his wagon, and t

fight began, and this was to be the finish round, as far as the gun play went.

'Injun's shy a gun, too, I see, 'muttered the black man, and at it they went again, both firing five shots almost simultaneously. When, after this, Fleid saw them standing in their tracks, he said to himself, 'I'm in a pine daze,' and shut his eyes, Cunius snapped the trigger on his sixth and last shot in the gun, and it failed to go off. Cumso's quick eye caught this. He still had a bail left in his gun, and the situation was his. He dropped his gun, and again and again Cunius snapped the trigger on his bad cartridge. It was of no use. It wouldn't go off. The negro grinned, and slowly and deliberately raised his gun on a direct line with the desperado's heart.

'That's your finish, Cunius, 'said he. 'Hands' up.'

up. Cunius saw the force of the remark, and his nds went up. 'Cumso walked over to where Field was lying

"Cunius saw the force of the remark, and hands went up.

"Cumso walked over to where Field was lying and handed him the pisted.

"Keep a line on him until I get the nippers over his hands from behind,' he said. While Field, weak from the loss of blood, kept the outlaw covered, Cumso walked around him and from his rear slipped a pair of handcuffs over Cunius is hands.

"Keep him covered until I get the shackles,' said Cumso to Field, 'Don't move, Cunius.' The black man walked over to the prairie schooner in the brush clearing and hauled out the shackles, and in less than a minute the desperado was chained hand and foot.

"As the two men who had been blazing away at each other stood together while this was going on, Field got a good look at them. Their clothes were in ribbons. Their hats, and even their boot legs, were like sieves from the builets. Their clothes looked as if they had been fringed at the sides to get a fancy Greaser effect. It looked as if every one of the eighty-two builets fired by the two men had passed through each other's wearing apparel. Yet neither of them was even grazed; and if that wasn't miraculous, when both men were shooting to kill, I've never heard of any miracle.

"Camso brought his prisoner and his wounded partner, Field, back to Fort Smith within twelve days after the capture. He had nursed Field the best he knew how with the medicines they carried in the schooner and with the experience had gathered in the army, but bloot poisoning set in, and Field was dead a week after he had been brought back to Fort Smith prison with three other despendees a few months later. Cumso, the nervy black Marshal, is running a big farm of his own in Oklahoma and is wealthy." Maybe I'd still be a United States Deputy.

Cumso, the nervy black Marshal, is raining a big farm of his own in Oklahoma and is weatiby. "Maybe I'd still be a United States Deputy Marshal, with headquarters at Fort Smith," concluded Mr. Wikinson, "if a little thing that happened a short time after the Cuntus business hadn't soured me on the job. Three United States Marshals from Texas went into the In-dian Territory after a Cherokee murderer. They Indian chewed his fustenings loose during the night and cut the heads of the three Marshals off with a hunting knife. When I heard of this I decided to try a peaceful vocation for a while, and I didn't hold any more peace-preserving offices until I struck three dead had the Sheriff's billet given to me, when not a great many were after it."

A LOST INDIAN LEAD MINE.

It Is Believed to Have Been Found by Accident in Wayne County After a Forty Years' Search.

Lyons, N. Y., Aug. 28.-People at Welcott. a small village in the northern part of Wayne county, have discovered a cave in which a number of skulls and Indian arrowheads were found and which they believe is a lead mine well known to the Indians. Traditions about the mine have long been current, and much money and time have been spent in searching for it in the last forty years.

Oswego street in Wolcott crosses Wolcott Creek about four rods above the falls. From the falls to the headwaters of Port Bay on Lake Ontario there is a steep and narrow gulch. Long ago a small stream of water was discovered running from a small opening in one side of the gulch, but nobody suggested exploring it. It was to this part of the gulch that Indians came to Wolcott from Cayuga and Seneca lakes and from other distant points in search of lead. They had a lead mine in the gulch, but where it was located none of the settlers could find out. It seemed to be as well hidden as was the treasure cave of the Incas in Peru. All efforts to follow the Indians to the secret deposit of lead were vain. Old folks tell how the Indians were followed to the edge of the gulch and how the Indians would mysteriously disappear there, leaving only a stray picket or so.

and how the Indians would mysteriously disappear there, leaving only a stray picket or so. Later the Indians would appear again and go away well laden with lead.

Fred Fox's farm takes in a portion of this gulch. Last week Fox decided to clean off the side hinl and cultivate it, so he put men at work cutting off the underbrush. While one of the men was at work on the edge of the gulch, just above the spring, the ground gave way and he fell over a leake of rock which had become exposed. He landed on a sort of platform, and upon glancing around found above as well as on each side an opening in the rock, extending back into the bank. Through this opening came a small stream of water. The opening was so situated that it could not be seen readily; in fact, not one person in a thousand in passing the spot would notice it. With his bush hook in front of him, the man went into the bank as far as he dared, possibly ten feet, and then returned to his fellow workmen, telling them of his discovery. In the evening a party of ten made an exploration of the cave. The mouth of the cave was found to be about five feet high and not more than three feet wide. It extended back about nine feet when it opened into a large room about thirty by seventy feet in area and twelve feet high. The top and sides of the cave were of rock. In the centre of the cave was a mount about eight feet in diameter and four feet high, having the appearance of solid lead. Around the base of the mound were found hundreds of flints in the shape of arrowheads, some of them complete, others broken. Upon the top of the mound were fragments which, when removed to the outside and placed together, formed a tomahawk or hatchet.

At the extreme rear of the cave were found four skulls and a number of bones in a heap. All of the skulls were crushed in on top.

It is surmised that a battle may have been fought in this cave, possibly by different tribes of Indians, or else it may have been selected as a burial place for Indians killed in battle. It is believed that the

A PRESS AGENT'S MISTAKE, NEARLY PROPORES A RIOT

AT AN OUTDOOR SHOW. The Conspiracy to Abduct an Alleged Back Bay Beauty Was Too Successful—The Show Got More Publicity Than Was Contemplated by the Hard-Working Press Agent. "Speaking of press agents," said the old

showman, "sometimes the cleverest of them overreach themselves. I remember that on one occasion a very alert and hard-working gentleman in charge of the literary bureau of an outdoor entertainment in Boston almost precipitated a riot in order to obtain publicity trous. The orchestra had been on strike once or twice for back pay. The promoter's checks didn't come in with gratifying regularity, and the elements conspired to close the gates of the big amphitheatre from two to four nights every week. After a consultation with the other members of the business staff one day, the pres agent sent out a rather readable yarn to the effect that the pretty daughter of an aristocrattle family on the Back Bay had appeared incognite as a fleurante in the outdoor speciacl ourely because of her love for the stage.

"The press agent raved over the beauty of the Back Bay belle, and said that she had th most striking figure of any of the corps of two hundred who gathered, whenever the weather permitted, on the big outdoor stage. He surrounded her with mystery. He told that she drove nightly, to the performers' gate in a closed carriage, attended only by her trusty French maid. He said that the manage ment had, with due regard for the feelings of the aristocratic Boston girl, provided a separate dressing room for her where she would not come in contact with the ordinary ten or fifteen dollar a week coryphees and the howling mob of auxiliaries recruited from the North End and from South Boston.

"The press agent went still further in his adrertising scheme. He said that a brother of the Back Bay beauty was on the warpath and had actually gone so far as to threaten violence to one member of the management. Nevertheless, it was stated, that she was determined to appear at each and every performance, regardless of the wishes of her family in the matter. Of course, no names were mentioned; that goes without saying.

"The story appeared in several of the Boston papers, and the press agent gleefully rubbed his hands. He knew that the reporters would be after him in a body, and that something must be done to get a second-day story about the Beacon street daughter who appeared in the scanty costume of a Pompeiian dancer. He decided on heroic measures. For a wonder the advance sale of that night's performance was very large. It was almost certain that if the rain held off and the scenery didn't blow down and the orchestra didn't go on strike again the night's receipts would be over \$2,000, so the press agent felt justifled in plowing himself a little. And he did. "Not having any Back Bay girl of theatrical

proclivities in the company, he had, of course, to provide a substitute. He found one in the wife of an accommodating property man, was quite pretty, had appeared in the ballets of outdoor spectacles for several seasons, and nanaged most of the time to provide food and lodging for herself and her husband. The agent took the ballet girl into his confidence, and also told the husband what his part was to be. It was arranged that at an important junc ture in the performance, when the entire company was assembled on the stage, the husband, lisguised in a dress suit lent to him by the agent, and a false beard obtained from the cos-

disguised in a dress suit lent to him by the agent, and a false beard obtained from the costumer, was to create a scene at the main entrance to the grounds, and to call loudly for—
"Sister! Sister!"
"Your wife will be your sister, of course, for the time being, said the agent. 'She's the Back Bay beauty that all the papers told about this morning, and you must demand that she leave the show at once. You must make your row in front of the boxes, and you mustn't be quieted even though the police threaten to club you. We'll fix that. In the excitement the orchestra will stop playing, and the performance will be interrupted. I'll make a little speech to the effect that your sister is the stage-struck girl from Beacon street, and that you have come to save her from the perils of the 'Fail of Poupei,' I'll tell you to accompany me to the stage and point out your sister if she is really there. Of course you will point out your wife. She will refuse to leave. You demand her arrest, and the rest is easy. She must resist, but without giving her time to put on her sireet clothes you must throw a shawl over her head and drag her screenling to the stage door. Then bundle her into a closed carriage which I will have there for you, and drive like the devil to a hotel at the north end.

"You must keep out of the way of the reporters and stay under cover all night,' the agent continued. The job is worth \$25 and a couple of bottles of wine for you and your wife. I guess she won't kick; in fact I know she won't her part in the game which was to set all hoston talking, and the offer of \$25 and the two

Won't.

"The patient little dancer consented to play her part in the game which was to set all Hoston talking, and the offer of \$25 and the two cold hottless won the husband over ma juffy. The plan was carried out without a hitch up to that point where the pretended brother insisted on rescuing his alleged sister by force. Unfortunately the press agent had not laken the ballet and the supers into his conditione. The spectators shouted, cheered, yelled, and juered.

"Take her out. You're right. Take your sister out,' some of them cried.

"Take her out, won're right. Take your sister out,' some of them cried.

"Take her out, won're right. Take your sister out,' some of them cried.

"The women in the crowd who had read the story in the morning papers were wild with curiosity for a glimpse of the runaway beauty from the Hack Bay. When the press agent, with a special officer and the husband in his borrowed dress suit and false whiskers got back to the stage where the banco sister was selected for the sacrifice, a howl went up from the army of dancers and auxiliaries. It threatened to topple the canvas walls of Pompeli around the heads of all concerned. The little woman made a pretence of resisting, and this only excited the wrath of her associates who were not onto the game. In the rush that followed the press agent's dress coat on the back of the accommodating husband was ripped beyond repair. The husband's prop whiskers went salling out into the artificial lake in front of the stage, and he nearly followed suit.

"The big policeman who was in the conspiracy was compelled to club three or four of the men. The pretended brother made a gallant rush for bits Hack Hay sister, threw a shawl over her head, and while the press agent and the nearly followed suit.

"The press agent had escaped in the carriage which was in waiting.

"The press agent had every one concerned in the management, including the foreign stage manager, had hard work to restore order among the ballet and the supers. When this was accomplished they fo

Not Afraid of a Dog in a Fit. From the Chicago Times Herald.

Not Afraid of a Deg in a Fit.

From the Chicago Times Herald.

A big St. Bernard dog, apparently rabid, leaped at the throat of two women and terrorized pedestrians at Madison and Halsted streets early yeaterday morning.

The dog first made its appearance at 3 o'clock, when the streets were almost deserted. It was foaming at the mouth and snapping and raced madly around in a wide circle. In the small crowd which soon gathered and stood conveniently near the door of the drug store on the corner there was an athletic young fellow, dressed in the knickerbockers of a bicyclist. For a time the dog seemed not to notice any one, but kept running around in the circle, and the clerks in the drug store made plans to chloroform it.

Two women, walking close to the building and trying to avoid the dog, passed by the animal, which leaped at them. The jump fell short, but the dog's forefect touched the dress of one of the women. Hefore the animal could make another leap the bicyclist grappied with it. The cyclist was forced to the ground, but kept a firm grip around the dog's throat. They rolled over and over, the men in the crowd fearing to shoot and afraid to interfere.

Finally Clerk Cuyler, who had been behind the prescription counter preparing the chloroform, reached the street and held the sponge to the dog's noatrils. Soon the animal weakened, and finally fell unconscious. The young fellow declared that he had not been betiten, but his clothes were torn and he had a few slight scratches, which he declared to be the result of a bicycle socident, Policeman Crane appeared as the animal revived and short it twice in the heart, The young fellow went away, refusing to give his napse.

THE TRUE TEST OF PRIENDSHIP. Take Your Man to a Trent Stream and See He

They had eaten each other's salt, they had drunk each other's wine, they had smoked each other's Christmas cigars, and remained loyal. Smith always listened with credulity and patience to Brown's trout yarns, and Brown never questioned a single detail of Smith's famous encounter with that grizzly. More-over (infallible sign of true and tried friendship), they abused each other manfully. Not withstanding all these things they had never

been trouting together.
For years they had planned a trip to a Pike ounty stream which Brown had fished and Smith knew about. Some fatality seemed to prevent the excursion, but finally one evening found them at a farmhouse in the vicinity of the brook. Early the next morning they drove six miles through the woods and tied their horse to a tree where the brook crossed the road.

"Now," said Brown, "one of us will follow that old wood road up stream for about five miles and fish down. The other will have to fish down from here. It's better fishing up the stream," he went on calmly; "but that doesn't make any difference to me. Where would you rather go !"

"Don't care," returned Smith, doubtfully, "Well, the down-stream trip is pretty rotten work," Brown gently urged again, "and you'd better wait for me here when you get through. "All right. Here's luck!" They parted. Smith left the down-stream route for Brown the magnaniomous and

trudged off up the wood road. He had not gone far when he struck a swamp. A Pike county swamp is a lake bed filled with mud and mosquitoes, with a top dressing of briars. Smith floundered about for a time and then took to the woods. Thereby he lost the road and waded to and fro in the muck for hours. Finally he fell upon, and likewise into, the brook. It was almost obliterated by brush and creepers, but in a moment the ardent Smith was after trout. For the next hour he succeeded in dragging to the surface enough material to build a barn, and the trectops for yards around were decorated with the finest brands of imported flies. He managed to fill his hipboots with water and his arms were weary from battling with mosquitoes. It was the worst fishing he had ever seen. He wondered casually how Brown was making out, where the fishing was pretty rotten work. Presently a rattleanake almost scared him into swallowing his teeth, and he departed. Thore is no disgust like unto that of the disappointed disherman, unless, perchance, it belongs to a man who has wasted half a day on a runway.

After trials and tribulations Smith reached the rendezvous. Then he decided to follow Brown. From the very first it struck him that below the bridge the stream looked as a trout stream should look, and the further he went the more he became convinced of Brown's perfldy. His energies became directed upon circumventing his treacherous friend, and, breathless and panting, he finally came upon the enraging spectacle of Brown landing a big one. Smith quierly made his way through the woods and struck in the brook a hundred yards or so ahead, where he had good sport until he spied Brown ahead of him again. He once more took to the woods and at the next turn of the brook saw Brown still in the lead.

It progressed thus until the fishing excursion resolved itself into a series of hundred-yard dashes. Brown's fish basket was heavy, but Smith was weighed down by his wet boots in a manner that made the whole thing a gigantic handicap. At last Smith emerged from a thicket to see Brown about to far when he struck a swamp. A like county swamp is a lake bed filled with mud and mos

ity in the coach. There is a moral to this tale, to the effect that

a man is never tested except by means of a properly conducted fishing trip. He will either come forth undone or a proved philosopher. MAYOR PINGREE AS A REPORTER. Helped a Correspondent on the Rumor That

ing a visit to him when he was Mayor of De-troit, and I am sure that he was scared out of his boots for once." With this introductory a retired correspondent

"I never see the name Pingree without recall-

told a SUN reporter what follows:
"It was soon after the passing of the first Cleveland Administration. I was in the middie West, looking after general news, holding myself in readiness, always with one grip packed. Just after I had retired one night I was called up by another correspondent, who informed me that he had a great sensation, but an immediate trip to Detroit was necessary before the sensation could be sprung. He could not go. But he was instructed by his home office to let the newspaper which I represented in on the sensation if I would make the trip. I was four miles from the station. I had to call at my other on the way. I made it, however, and had seven minutes leeway in which to turn over the mission ahead of me. I looked over my mental annotation, made while I was preparing for the trip, from the hurried statement of my co-worker:

"Hen M. Dickinson crazy in his own home. Great secrecy. No one knows it but his wife

and the physician. He is kept chained in order that he may do himself or others no harm. Condition said to have been the result of a big political row with Cleveland. Be careful, Mcnion it to no one whom you cannot trust implicitly. Use your judgment. Worth a page. "That was the sum total of the story as it was told to me, and I was heading for Detroit, where I knew no one. At Kalamazoo I ieft a rush message to a friend in Chicago whom I knew to be a personal, and commercial friend of Mayor Pingree. They were in the same business, the manufacture of boots and shoes. The message was, in effect, that I had been sent to Detroit hurriedly, and that the success of my mission depended upon my getting the confidence of Pingree. To that end I asked my Chicago friend to wire Pingree to let me in. Then I went to sleep. I loafed about Detroit a half day, during which time I passed the house of the Hon. Mr. Dickinson several times, wondering in which room he was chained, and if I should see him, and how I would startle the country the next day.

"I was at luncheon at 2 P. M. in the Russell House, when I received a message from my Chicago friend. I was informed that Mayor Pingree had been asked to receive me into his confidence, and to assist me. The last words of the message were: What's upr I replied my acknowledgment and added: "See to-

Pingree had been asked to receive me into his confidence, and to assist me. The last words of the message were: "What's up? I replied my acknowledgment and added: "See tomorrow's —," putting in the name of the paper I represented.

"It was 6 o'clock before I could reach Mayor Pingree. After I had told him my name he led me to his private office, having placed a guard without, whose instruction was to halt anybody who came within a hundred yards. He said in the most carnest manner: "Tell me all." It may read heavy-villainish, but it didn't sound that way:

"Too M. Bickinson is mad," I said.

"Mayor Pingree sprang from his chair like the wizard who pops through a stage trap. As soon as he sequestered—as they say in Boston—from his excitability, he listened to the rest of the story.

"I remember, he said, 'toat it has been said."

NO MORE BEARS THERE.

ALL KILLED OFF BY THE BEAR

LIAR OF SAN GABRIEL CANON. Pherefore the Expedition of Bear Exterminators, Sent Out from Los Angeles, Returned to Their Romes Empty Handed, Though

Their Heads Were Heavy with Bear Stories. Los Angeles, Cal., Aug. 23,-A man from San Gabriel canon came into town recently and told bear stories to Prof. Carl Sawvell, and the professor told the stories to other people. The main point of the San Gabriel man's tale was that he had found a den inhabited by two grizzlies. He had seen the bears and was mightily afraid of them, and he wanted somebody to go up there and exterminate them, so that he might work his mining claim unmolested and unafraid. The professor, being guileless and confiding, believed the tale, and he tried to oblige the man from San Gabriel by promoting an expedition of extermination. Seventeen men replied to his overtures with the original remark that they "hadn't lost any bears," Since 1849 that has been the standard bear joke of America, and it must be funny, because everybody uses it, and expects the other man to laugh.

At last the professor found three men who refrained from being funny on the subject of bears, and promptly consented to go to the rescue of the man in San Gabriel cañon. These serious persons were Don Roundo Pico, nephew of the last Mexican Governor of Calffornia, and an eager hunter of big game; Col. Harrison G.Otis, who fought in Major McKinley's regiment, and thinks that anything that wears gray is legitimate game, and the man who took Monarch, the big grizzly of Golden Gate Park, to San Francisco, and therefore thinks he knows something about bears. These three, with Antonio Sepulveds as guide, went into San Gabriel canon with their guns loaded for bear, which was a grievous error they should have taken clubs loaded for the tellers of bear tales. An expedition properly outfitted to hund bear liars rather than bear lairs could load a four-horse wagon with game in the San Gabriel.

Old Bill Potter, who wears his beard in corkscrew curls and lets out sore-backed horses and low-grade, refractory burros by the day to deuded hunters, intimated very plainly that the Man-who-was afraid could not be depended upon to give bed-rock facts about bears, and upon to give bed-rock facts about hears, and that he, Old Bill, was a well of truth in that line. He, Old Bill, had killed many bears in the cafion, but had left enough to provide entertainment for other hunters. His last bearstilling was heaps of fun. He ran across three in a bunch, shot one, drowned another in the creek, and kicked the third to death. As for the man up the creek, who pretended to have found a den of bears, he had been telling that story for so many years that he probably believed it, but nobody else did. The man up the creek had the nerve to pretend that his favorite pastince was fighting grizzlies with a butcher knife, and anybody acquainted with bears ought to see through that sort of man easy enough.

bears ought to see through that sort of man easy enough.

The man up the creek, the original locator of the denful of grizzlies, had his opinion of Old Bill as a slaver of bears. It was notorious in the cañon that the only bear Old Bill ever saw was a fifty-pound cub that stole a string of trout from under Bill's nose, waded the creek, and went away while Bill was throwing his gun into the brush and hitching frantically along a fallen spruce under the impression that he was climbing a tree. As for himself, he was getting too old and rheumatic to hurt, but he had had a little sport with bears in his time. He recalled with special glee a little incident of ten or a dozen years ago. He had been over on the Iron Fork hunting for a stray mule and was coming back through the cañon after dark, It was darker than a stack of black cats in the cañon, and when he bumped up against a bear ti was darker through the canon after dark. It was darker than a stack of black cats in the canon, and when he bumped up against a bear in the trail he couldn't see to get in his favorite knife play—a slash to the left and a backhanded cut to the right, severing the tendons of both front paws—and so he made a lunge for general results and then shinned up a sycamore. To his great surprise he heard the bear scrambling up the tree behind him, and he crawled around to the other side of the trunk and straddled a big branch in the fork, where he could get a firm seat and have the free used his right arm. He could just make out the dark bulk of the bear as the beast crawled clumsily up the slanting trunk in front of him, and as the bear's left arm came around and classed the trunk, he chopped at it with his heavy knife. The bear roared with pain. Instantly he lunged furiously at the bear's bedy just under the armpit, driving the knife to the hilt two or three times, and with a mean the beast let go all holds, and fell heavily to the ground.

hilt two or three times, and with a moan the beast let go all holds, and fell heavily to the ground.

For a minute all was silent. Then the growling began again and he heard the scratching of claws upon the tree. In another, moment the dark bulk of the bear appeared again in front of him, and again he drove the knife to the hilt into his body and felt the hot blood spurt over his hand. Clawing, scratching, and yelling, the bear slid back down the tree and bumped heavily on the ground, but in a moment there was another attack.

The man up the tree was much puzzled to account for such remarkable vitality and perseverance, but he braced himself for the combat, and at the proper moment chopped viciously at the bear's forearm and felt the bladesink into the bone. This time he got in three good hard lunges, and when the bear fell he had no doubt that the fight was ended.

Hut it wasn't a minute before the whole thing had to be done over again, and the man varied the performance by reacting around and giving the bear a whack in the neck that nearly cut its head off. This sort of thing was repeated at intervals for two or three hours, bus at last the attacks ceased and all was still as the foot of the tree. The man was weary, and to tell the truth was a little confused. He did not deem it wise to come off his perch and take any chances of trouble on the ground, so he strapped himself to the branch with his bels and fell asleep.

It was gray dawn when he awoke. He rubbed his eyes and looked down at the ground. Then he rubbed them again and pinched himself and glanced at the rocks and trees to make sure that he was not in a trance. He said to himself, being a realer of the poets:

"Can such things be, or is visions about?"

It was no dream, and the man up the cañon said it was no lie.

Lying about the foot of the sycamore were

It was no dream, and the man up the canons said it was no lie.

Lying about the foot of the sycamore wers nine dead bears weltering in their gore. This explains why the Don and the Colonel and the rest of the expedition of extramnation returned forthwith to Los Angeles without having seen a bear. There are no more bears. The man up the canon killed them all.

THE SOUTH'S MANY COLONELS. A Possible Explanation of Their Number Same gested by an Official Statement.

For many years, indeed, since the close of the civil war, it has been a standing joke among the paragraphers and in variety theatres that the Confederate Army was composed almost wholly of staff officers, and that the number of Col-onels distributed throughout the South and in the States of the Southwest was materially greater than the number of male adult civilians. It is certainly a fact, as all travellers attest, that there are more Colonels, Majors, and Generals in the Southern than in the Northern

erals in the Southern than in the Northern States, and this is a fact, despite what is a matter of general knowledge, too, that the Southern Army was materially smaller throughout the war than the Northern forces.

An expianation of the apparent anomaly has recently appeared in a statement which shows in detail that the number of Southern officers was relatively larger than the number of Northern officers during the civil war. The official Confederate Army list shows one General-in-Chief, Robert E. Lee, and seven full Generals, as follows: Cooper, Albert Sidney Johnston, Beauregard, Joseph E. Johnston, Smith, Bragg, and Hood. The number of Lieuteman Generals in the Confederate Army, Stone-"Mayor Pingree sprang from his chair like the wizard who jops through a stage trap. A